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IMAGINATION



OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM JAMES RICHMOND COTTON, M.P.,

LORD MAYOR 1875-6.

If London stamp this with its good report,
It franks it through the world.

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1876.

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BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEF1



To
THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.,

whose

Soul has so stamped itself upon

Literature

as to give thoughts and power to other minds,

and whose

Name will be reflected upon the pages

of

Fame and Time,

this Second Dedication is, with sincere admiration,

and by permission, inscribed by

The Author.

October, 1876.



ORIGINAL DEDICATION.

To

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

who,

although surrounded by labours

that must pre-eminently occupy his mind,

read

with the promptness of a friend the work of a stranger,

and

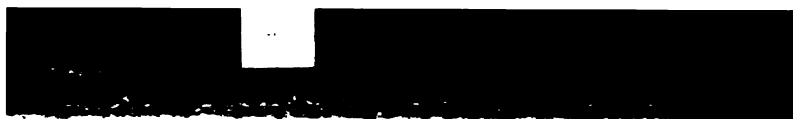
honored it with his name,

this Poem is respectfully inscribed

by

The Author.

1850.



*At the request of friends whose
judgment I esteem, these Poems, written
years ago, are now published.*





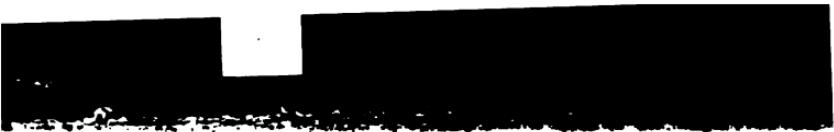


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IMAGINATION.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

The general Argument supposes the universal existence of Imagination.

THE Poem opens with the invocation to and the description and power of Imagination—her existence prior to the Creation—in Paradise, her influence in tempting Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit—in the confusion of Cain—in inspiring the angels with love for the daughters of Eve—the Deluge—her power to overcome in the minds of men the threatened wrath of God—the subsidence of the Deluge—her influence in producing wine—in raising the tower of Babel—in sustaining the Israelites to the land of Canaan, and inducing Pharaoh to pursue—her power through the past, in the dark ages, and upon the future—in the recollections of the mind—her influence upon charity—in dreams—several dreams described—the ascent of the mountain—description of the feelings arising thereon—her power in romance, and over the minds of men to their death—in promoting poetry, astronomy, painting, poesy—science and philosophy—over the antiquarian—music—liberty—eloquence—in the suppression of war, and hope of peace for the future.



PART I.



ARGUMENT.

*The general Argument supposes the universal existence of
Imagination.*

COME forth, Imagination ! heav'n-born maid,
Reveal thy charms in beauty's garb arrayed,
Thy smiles which greet the bursting buds of
 Spring,
Thy voice which sighs when Summer zephyrs
 sing,
Thy face, nut-brown when Autumn's harvests
 flow,
Thy Winter step that sets thy cheeks aglow,
And all that light, whate'er thy clime or guise,
That shines on land, o'er sea, 'mid sunlit skies.

Vouchsafe me all thy light—thy vivid fire—
Inflame my soul now burning with desire—
On thine own wings let me ecstatic fly,
And feel on earth the glories of the sky ;
Aid, mighty Goddess, one who worships
thee,
And bows before thy form a loving knee.

LET Fancy, bright attendant, lead me forth,
Thro' sunny climes, or to the snow-clad north—
From earth to highest heaven, to nether hell,
That all my spirit sees, my tongue may tell—
The joys of life, death's certain end to know,
The clouds that shadow human bliss below !
Delicious raptures rise ; then overwhelm
A willing captive in thy changeful realm :
For I have known more bliss, more woe, with
thee
Than colder mortals of the world can see—



IMAGINATION.

5

Have sought thee, loved thee, owned thy sove-
reign sway

In cities proud, and meadows sweetly gay.

Now fairy dreams upon my vision fall ;

I hold a charmèd lamp : am lord of all ;

Live as an emperor 'mid surrounding kings,

Till duty calls me back to earthly things.

This done, again I muse on pleasant themes,

And live and move once more in glorious
dreams.

WHAT makes the landscape and the waving
trees

So sweet to Nature's child ? 'Tis Fancy sees

A thousand beauties in the prospect round,

Which wert Thou absent he would ne'er have
found ;

And whence that look whate'er we have, or do,

For that bright something ever hid from view—

That glow ecstatic, and that wild delight
That springs with thee upon thy upward flight ?
And whence that whispered hope—life's day
 once o'er—
To live in spirit on a blissful shore ?

Now, mingling with the gay and fragrant
 flowers,
Their beauties heightened by thy magic powers ;
Or, floating with the elements, thy form
Swells the fierce grandeur of the raging storm—
O'erwhelms the weak-strung nerve with aching
 dread,
As bursts the thunder-cloud around the head.

WHEN ocean plays upon the sounding shore
Its sea-born songs, unsung, unheard before,
Thine are the lips, attune them to the ear,
As chords of sadness or as notes that cheer.

Each coming pleasure steals a charm from
thee,
That full possession strives in vain to see ;
Or impious thoughts arise with thickening gloom,
Till guilty sorrow seeks the unhallowed tomb.

MAN'S God-like race—his short-lived joy, his
woe,
Omniscience fashion'd ere they moved below ;
Each creature imaged in the Almighty mind—
Each happy bird and beast, all insect kind :
With Adam lonely, 'mid bright Eden's bliss,
His purest rapture in the imaged kiss—
His warmest transport in beholding Eve ;
Thus God imagining, did erst conceive.

WHAT made the tree of knowledge tempting
seem
Most beautiful of all ?—thy fruitful dream :

Or Adam of his guilt afraid, asham'd,—
God's coming anger thy swift tongue proclaim'd ;
Or Cain smite Abel with a murderous hand,
Then fly accurst and dread the signal brand ?
Thy voice accusing bade his spirit see
His brethren shrink aghast, his presence flee.

WHO made the Angels deem Earth's daughters
fair ?

Thy lips ecstatic breathed their beauties rare—
Inspired their souls with new-born dreams of bliss,
That heaven with its pure joys could not dismiss,
On wings of love expectant fly to earth,
To know the charms thy voice had given birth.

God gave the word—the whelming flood began :
Through souls of hopeful men thy whispers ran,
That this would pass like former storms away—
Earth's bosom fill to leave her face more gay ;

Swift-pouring day and night, till hope is vain,
The waters rise with fearful swell ; the rain
Falls heavier—wild torrents drown the vale,
Mount the high hills—more loudly roars the gale ;
No light shines forth the glorious day to show—
The night, as black as death, hides all below ;
Now man and beast in mad confusion float—
The drowning and the drowned, the waters
gloat

Each moment o'er fresh victims—huge trees fall,
Dread monsters agonized the floods enthrall,
Who beat the waters in their blinded rage,
Fight hard with death, and all his powers
engage ;

Men reach the highest points without avail—
The waters rise like mountains with the gale—
From peak to peak they fly, keen dangers
past

To sink exhausted—overcome at last ;

Some 'scape the water, hunger's pang to feel,
Man preys on man its raging qualms to heal ;
Fond mothers hurl their offspring from their
breast,

To gain some height where panting thousands
rest ;

Some seize with eager hand a drifting bough,
In safety float, till a vast cataract's brow
Draws them within its rapid boiling surge,
Then eddying hurls them o'er its giddy verge—
Drowns their last cries amid its thunderous
roar ;

From rock to rock they fall, to rise no more.
Earth's cities sink as the great waters spread ;
And ocean's monsters prey upon the dead.
The splendid palaces proud man had raised,
The forms of beauty angel's lips had praised,
The earlier arts, and nature's pristine ways,
Were lost to earth in those dread forty days.

The children of the angels fiercely died,
For forty days they battled with the tide,
The spirit of their sires gave mighty strength
To cast the waters from them, till at length
Their earthly natures sank—to its own fire
The spark ethereal flies—they last expire.
The Tree of Life the angels bore above,
All lost save Knowledge, left for man to love.

THE waters of the Deluge pass'd away,
The earth was young again, her aspect gay—
Trees rich in verdure and in blossom hung,
Birds happy mid the foliage chirped and
sung ;

The wanton cattle in the meadows played,
And beauteous flowers their thousand hues
arrayed ;

The land was full of grain—the blooming vine
Rich in its purple clusters tempting shine

Caught Noah's raptured gaze—its maiden blush
Inspired his soul,—now through his fancy rush
Bright thoughts from Thee, and last the thought
divine,
Which blessed our race with rich and generous
wine.

FEAR, lest the waters should o'erwhelm again,
Raised Babel's height defiant on the plain.
An imaged deluge filled the human mind,
And made it to the Bow of Mercy blind.
The Promised Land, where milk and honey
flowed,
Though yet unseen, Imagination showed—
Made Israel leave its homes 'neath Egypt's
sway,
With flocks and herds pursue the desert way—
Made Pharaoh rage at useful service lost,
Pursue and die with Egypt's mighty host.

LIGHT of the past, precursor of the good,
Bright prophet of the soul ! whose voice with-
stood

The mandates harsh of tyranny,—the Test
Of ripening reason, giver of the zest
That spurred men on to conquer and remove
Their ways barbaric, led their souls to prove
Inspired themes that sang of mortal worth—
Taught slaves to think and feel the right of
birth,

Rise like a swelling sea, their foes o'erwhelm
And place a patriot at the state's proud helm,
To guide them safely on ! Through ages dark
The light of knowledge, dwindled to a spark,
Smouldering, yet lived, when the unfettered
soul

Ran riot on the earth and scorned control,
When man a savage lived in every clime,
And passions wild were yet untamed by time ;

He fiercely roved to plunder or engage
In self-destroying war—a foolish age !
When human life was nought, and War's keen
knife

Was red and warm in internecine strife.
A few more ages passed—earth's people spread
O'er many lands—'twas then Thy voice of dread
Formed families into nations, whose increase
And wants produced the useful arts of Peace.
With law and order kings and emperors rose,
Whose lust of power begat inhuman woes.
In Bible page we read of mighty deeds,
Of direful crimes, at which the bosom bleeds :
Then History the dreadful record swells,
Of Rome's destroying legions mournful tells,
Who, conquering nations in her day of power,
Was levelled in her most luxurious hour ;
Then soldier-priests led men for temporal gain ;
Then Learning struggled for a time in vain ;


Then wars and crimes destruction hurled
around,

Till Wisdom came, and genial arts were found ;
Then peaceful Science seized the favoured hour,
And raised from thoughts her varied forms of
power.

Then many an age flowed on, but not in vain,
Each as it glided swelled the human gain.
Thus through each era past Thy voice has
cheered,

Made man more noble—life and laws revered.
Tyrannic bonds were snapt in Freedom's name,
And smiling Liberty triumphant came.

On Hope's bright course Imagination ran,
And still remains the same to hopeful man :
Her beacon-light—the guide of every age—
Heralds each daring flight on poet's page,
Irradiates the future, wider glows
As wisdom's light yet ever brighter flows.



with despots myrmidons,
crime,

Whose names will sink accur:

WHEN earth's proud cities rose
Thou mad'st the nations of
vain ;

Yet taught the moral to aspire
That human glory turns to dust
By crumbling ruins of the east
That once were massive, beautiful
Great Babylon, condemned upon
Athens and Rome, whose mighty
fall

From splendid temples of the

How oft a happy scene thy hand will paint
And raise to perfect form from outline
faint

The festive board, the friends that circle
round,

The pun, the jest, the mirth, each happy
sound ;

Though still the tongue, though lost the form
to sight,

Thy backward gaze reveals the past delight.

Some treasured relic, lock of hair, or ring,

To Fancy's eye the absent friend will bring:

Recall a kindly deed, hold converse sweet

With those in life we never more can
meet,—

Will oft repeat a father's warning word

Whose sage advice impatiently was heard,

Some kind unselfish trait—a mother's love,

Of all the wealth of love its treasure-trove.

A smile or glance reveals a sister dear,
A brother's buried form makes reappear,
A wife or husband passed away from sight,
Pictured, how lovingly, in realms of light.

FROM Thee, the soul of charity will flow,
Through hearts that sigh for grief or bleed at
woe :

Thousands pursue the quiet side of fame—
Secret their charity, unknown their name,
Whose souls vibrating to another's pain,
Will give on earth what God shall give again..
For lives so passed recorded are on high
In heaven's bright archives writ immortally.

WHEN night brings slumber, with her soothing
balm,
To ease earth's throbbing hearts with blissful
calm,

How busy are Thy shapes ! The dreaming
world

Teems with Thy phantom life, at random
hurled.

What curious fancies fill the sleeper's brain,
Confronting all our day-thoughts—bliss where
pain,

Sorrow where joy, and laughter where the tear ;
Plenty where hunger dwells, courage where fear,
And hope where dull despair, resolve where
doubt.

Then absent friends, or dead, glide soft about
And live within the mind : dread monsters rise,
That have no shape on earth—wild glaring eyes
Fill every space, while fiendish faces leer,
And 'mid their foul contortions disappear. .
Coiling its icy length, a wreathing snake
Enwraps the frame, high to the throat—bones
break—

It stings the aching brain. As fancies change,
O'er beauty's glowing form we freely range :
A fleeting joy ! 'tis now a hideous crone,
Fleshless and toothless, hide-bound to the
bone,

Whose shrunken lips emit a vapour foul,
Whose blear and hollow eyes affright the soul,
That shrinks aghast ! Now cold and slimy
things

Crawl thick around—a vampire sucking clings,
Till faints the soul—feather-limbed spiders
run

Unharm'd o'er shrinking frames ; and ere the
sun

Throws o'er the waking world his cheerful light,
How men alarmed by dreams will curse the
night—

Shudder at horrors passed, to none the same,
And startled Reason wonder whence they came !

SOME prophesy from shapes the midnight hour
Hath raised, and cheer or droop beneath their
power :

Weak fears that strongest minds will sudden
feel,

And start at shadows which thy elves reveal :
Thus harmless visions have inspired more
dread

Than falling axe above the doomed head.

Now yonder want-pinch'd man holds wealth
and power,

And friends and plenty grace the festive hour,
And smiles of health upon his children play,
His wife and all around content and gay;
Oh! leave him not too soon, increase thy
charm,

And wrap his thin-clad couch with fancies
warm.

HAUNT this man's brains with busy dreams of
theft,

And leave the miser of his gold bereft ;
Teach him the pains of poverty to know—
How small a dole relieves a weighty woe
And rise a better man. Oh ! why with fears
Shadow so sweet a soul ? e'en now she
hears

Soft stealthy footsteps, sees a form uprise,
Glaring upon her with its fiend-like eyes ;
It bares her trembling breast—quick falls the
blade—

She, shrieking, wakes. Now sleep again, sweet
maid :

The sun shines brightly, ne'er so bright before,
And balmy waters cool a fragrant shore,
Where fairy scenes arise and music sweet,
And beauteous birds with songs her presence
greet ;

A boat glides o'er the water, nears the land,
Her lover, smiling, gains the flowery strand ;
Joyous they wander through each blissful way,
And gain a bower with rose and woodbine gay ;
There happy sit. Now comes the demon form
And ebon darkness looms—a fearful storm
Howls fiercely, wildly by—they, struggling,
gain

A rocky height, which bounds a surging main ;
With horrid laugh he hurls them o'er the brink ;
Embraced they fall, and clasping still they sink ;
Then comes the choking gasp beneath the
stream :

She, sighing, wakes—and lo! 'twas but a dream.

Go, visit yon poor soul, to virtue lost :
From side to side her aching head has tossed,
And tried in vain to rest—but now she sleeps :
Around her father's chair a child she creeps,

Or happy sits beneath her mother's smile,
Or sports of innocence the hours beguile :
Now walks o'er fields to church, there purely
prays—

Now gathering flowers in the meadow strays ;
Now loves the youth with all her maiden heart,
And feels the pang she felt when, doomed to
part,

With burning vows he urged a lover's claim,
Imposed on love, and blighted her good name.
The flight from happy home—the sorrows
known,

The penance passed would heavier sin atone :
Pursue thy theme—her father seeks his child,
Her mother smiles again as once she smil'd ;
Bring home-like scenes—the church, the brook,
the lane,

The well-stacked ricks, the fields of waving
grain,

The simple village song, the rustic glee,
With homely game to join in merrily,
And so surround her till she seeks to gain
Forgiveness from the hearts she rent with pain.
Go, play fantastic tricks with yon poor clown,
Place on his brainless head a jewelled crown ;
Clad in the robes how like a king he looks,
How well receives his court, how stern rebukes ;
Now acts the tyrant—'tis an easy thing
With wealth and wise men's aid to play the king.
His former poverty he knows no more,
And humbles those to whom he crouched
before ;
Till, swollen big with pride and pomp and state,
And black with crime, his suffering people
hate,
Rise, and dethrone him—to the scaffold bring :
He, shuddering, wakes—thanks God he's not a
king !

GLIDE softly o'er the bed where childhood lies,
And waft her little soul to sun-lit skies,
And let her nestle to her tender breast,
The gentle dove that happy there would rest :
The simple daisy and the primrose bring,
With warbling birds their sweetest notes to
sing,

And train her growing heart with acts of grace,
To rise with happy thoughts and smiling face,
And calm with pleasing flights her youthful
fears,
And keep the gloomier dreams from tender
years.

GIVE those in distant lands sweet dreams of
home,
Faint shadows of a bliss that ne'er may come ;
Grant to ambition's soul its wild desire,
Expand and train it with thy visioned fire

To rise with brilliant thoughts ; soothe hearts
 toil-worn,
And lull them into quiet ere the morn
With sunny smile steal o'er their waking eyes ;
Soften the callous heart on down that lies,
Which left a noble-minded erring son
To stem the torrent of the world alone,
Without his guiding hand to aid, and bless.
Forgiveness bring : let him in dreams caress
And welcome home his child. Go, calm the face
That even frowns in sleep ; remove the trace
Of deep revenge it wears ; in dreams pursue,
And in his victim's blood his hands imbrue ;
With wily smile he hides his purpose fell :
They gain a lonely road, a leafy dell—
Thence flies a soul unwarned to meet its doom,
The body falls where fragrant flowers bloom !
He shuns the ways of men, avoids each gaze—
For fiery thoughts within his senses blaze,

Now mocking demons bring the bleeding corse—
Some make it stand erect with fiendish force,
Now set them face to face—see! now it stalks,
And of his coming doom derisive talks;
Now bid him kiss the wound, now quaff the
blood

Which all around him flows, a crimson flood;
The jeering fiends prevent his hopes of flight,
And hold him as it swells to fearful height;
It nears his throat, he feels he sinks to die—
Now let another fancy round him fly.
Let Justice seize him with her iron hand;
Let the keen law its surest forces band:
A felon bound and capped—the bolt withdrawn,
Down, down, he falls, but wakes to bless the
dawn.

Cool the high fevered frame so hotly pressed,
And fan with breezes his few hours of rest,

Let angels float in radiant streams of light,
And hidden choirs his listening ears delight ;
Sweet roseate gales upon his temples play,
And founts of scented waters throw their spray
O'er yielding flowers, whose beauties never fade,
Now show the spot where once his form hath laid ;
Where birds in tuneful notes eternal sing,
And glowing scenes fresh beauties ever bring.

LEAD on, thou mystic force ! to snow-capp'd
height,
And bring the universe within our sight :
Each upward step reveals a grander scene—
The bramble, olive with its silvery sheen,
The hardy box, and higher still the fir,
Where clumsy bears, gaunt wolves, keen foxes
stir,
Where streamlets clear run on in sinuous way,
From small cascades, increasing in their play.

And wider growing, fiercer in their fall,
Down to the earth where cataracts appal,
Then glide meandering the meadows through,
Where cities swell the splendour of the view —
Where distant oceans sleep, vast mountains rise
In solemn grandeur, blending with the skies,
While far above the heights that man may
gain,

The stately eagle soars—alone to reign ;
Oh! let me higher mount, more beauties
seize—

Where flows from heaven the ethereal breeze—
Nearer to heaven yet—where clouds float by,
'Mid golden hues that tint them as they fly.
If eye could ken God's universal ways,
Earth's scenes and life, with heaven-directed
gaze—

See cities in their boasted glory shine,
The greatest as an atom—man divine

Swarming in myriads on that atom's face,
And mountains, seas, and rivers, each have
place—

Would it not lessen pride and foolish hate,
Bring down the tinsell'd pomp and fading
state—

Remove the curse of war, where men destroy,
To gem a crown and swell ambition's joy!

CREATOR of romance, in whose charmed space
Flit all the horrors that affright our race.
At solemn hour the phantom shade appears ;
With hollow voice its spectral hand uprears
And leads the awful way. 'Mid groans and
cries

Dry fleshless heads with bony frames uprise—
With horrid rattle fill the gloomy air
And dance to clattering bones. Now forms once
fair

Reveal a loathsome mass, all black, all foul,
With monsters tugging at the heart, who growl
And tear and gnaw; in dungeons drear and
dank

Th' imprisoned wretch is fed by spectres lank
And grim, who come, 'mid fire and clanking
chains,

With gloomy ghost-like pace. Distraught with
pains

The tortured soul doth walk for given time

The earth, as penance to atone for crime.

'Mid church-yard gloom in shrouds pale corpses
rise

And show corruption's work;—the glaring eyes
Roll fiercely on, while thin-limbed goblins skip
And tease poor mortal wights; a phantom ship,
With silent breathless crew, glides o'er the
wave,

Affrighting Neptune's sons—men dare not brave

Yon abbey's haunted aisles, where shrieks and
groans
Are heard and monkish shapes are seen—with
bones
Kobolds play shuddering games—across the
moor
Light dance the will-o'-th'-wisps—beneath the
floor
The death-watch warning ticks—the winding
sheet
Its gloomy portent gives—while from the street
The horrid howl of dogs assails the ear,
And fills the mind with superstitious fear.
At midnight hour, weird witches, lean and old,
The hissing cauldron fill ; enchanter's bold
Stand in the mystic ring, with mirrors show
The shades of coming fate ; solemn and slow
They chaunt the horrid verse : with cards and lies
The fortune-telling hag bids men despise

The coming ill, and trust to promised wealth
That vainly she fortells ; gipsies give health
And fortune, husbands, wives, and children fair
Ere courtship comes ; bright fairies float in air,
Or, where the silver moonbeams softly shine,
'Neath scented cowslips, and to sounds divine
Their merry revels keep, in changeful guise
From roses glide, or playing fountains rise,
And bless a favoured damsel's beauteous face
With beauty still more fair—with perfect grace,
With mines of wealth and knowledge, varied
 charms

To win all hearts—or in some shape alarms
And checks the wicked soul. In every land
Some fabled Genius dwells, whose wond'rous
 hand

Makes fairy scenes arise, trees wondrous flower,
Charmed springs to drink for beauty, wealth, or
 power—

Rocks change to palaces of burnished gold,
Pebbles to precious stones, the young makes old :
Good-humoured pixies lend their friendly aid
To toiling mortals and their fortunes made,
Or elves their midnight work ; or gnomes have
shown
Their hidden mines of wealth, and pigmies
grown
To manhood's noble form—sprites light and gay
Have played their sportive tricks, confus'd the
way
Of addle-headed clowns—their powers are
known
In every phase of life—their forms have grown
With youthful years, when fairy tales delight,
To years mature—'tis then Thy form of light
Relieves life's weighty cares—makes man trust
more
To Fortune's jewelled smile—from fancy's store

O'ercome the troubles that around him fly,
And, ever dreaming good, hope on, and die!

To what great thoughts Thy soul hath given
birth—

What brilliant fancies to enrich the earth!

What noble themes to light the glowing way
Imagination strews with flowers gay!

Thy dreaming children walk with visioned tread,
By Harmony through her sweet windings led,
That Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton trod,
And tuned the songs that flowed direct from
God—

Breathed mighty thoughts for man, bright hopes
to cheer,

And made immortal what seemed mortal here.
On Fame's high throne the never-fading wreath
Adorns the poet's brow—his thoughts have
breath

And life and tongue, though the bright spirit's
fled ;

On earth he lives, nor ever will be dead :

The tide of time so softly gliding by

Will bear his name to far posterity.

WITH Thee, Astronomy, with daring flight,
Soars through the heaven, and its worlds of
light—

Clear and defined on mimic globe displays
The sun, the moon, the earth, the planets' ways ;
Their influence o'er the tide, the flow of time,
The power that draws the steel to northern
clime ;

The revolutions of the glittering space,
Where darting meteors glide, fixed stars have
place ;

Where comets fly with streams of vivid light,
Swift to the sun, and with its powers unite,

Where light shines forth creating earthly day,
And where its reign submits to night's dark sway.
A soul-born study sprung from heavenly ways,
Known and defined in Egypt's ancient days.

PROUD Painting wins from Thee her vivid
 charms,

The inspiration that the canvas warms—
The rural landscape, where rich beauties teem—
The rustic life, where men far happier seem—
The sunny tint that summer's eve doth show,
The cottage o'er whose porch sweet woodbines
 grow—

The nearer trees, the distant woods and hills—
The drinking herds and gently running rills.
Thy bolder flight, from history's proud page,
Portrays the dead that lived in earlier age.
The great events of former stirring times,
Heroic actions, virtues, vices, crimes:

Each passion of the soul-expressive face—
Grief, gladness, frenzy, horror, rage, have place.
The garb of distant day where fashions live,
That language unassisted could not give.
Walk round the smiling walls of pictur'd art,
And feel thy 'raptured soul admiring start,
And own the influence of noble thought,
Of imaged beauties to perfection wrought—
Bright scenes of fairy land, from poet's dream,
The sister arts endow with life the theme,
With force, expression, seeming action, speech—
Heaven, earth, or hell, their daring souls will
reach.

SWEET Poesy from Thee her world supplies,
Where live the forms that from thine own
arise,
Till rich in beauty the seductive tale
Subdues the fancy to its sweet assail,

Then wins the soul to join its chaptered life,
Side with the hero in his pictur'd strife,
Or dwell with pleasure on descriptions true,
As genius brings them perfect to the view.
The storm described—the active fancy hears
The thunder cloud—the forkèd light appears,
The sounding rain, loud wind, and bounding
 hail,
The flash that lights yon upland wood and dale,
The stricken tree, the rapid torrent's way,
The timid bleat, deep low, and startled neigh,
The darkly rolling clouds now grandly bright,
The crackling peal—the storm is at its height ;
Now slowly comes the calm. The deep clouds fly,
And sudden bursts of glory gild the sky,
The distant thunders roll—the sparkling trees,
The drying roads, the sweetly scented breeze,
The joyful trill of birds from wood and hill,
Proclaim the storm is past, and heaven is still !

From Thee come Wit and Humour's happy
throng,
Laughing at quaint conceits of poet's song,
As tickled fancy revels with delight,
As brilliant sallies burst upon the sight,
Or gentler pathos moves a softer vein,
As imag'd sorrow fills the heart with pain,
Or gloomy horror steals upon the mind
That shuddering starts, and looks with fear
behind ;
Or bright romance where orient gems are found,
And genii, fairies, sorcerers abound :
The tales of chivalry, the lists, the knight,
The Queen of Beauty who rewards the fight ;
The deeds of great men find their record
there,
And show the characters, or foul or fair ;
Thus mind the veil uplifts—displays the face
Of close society, its outward grace,

Its play of passion, and its source of woe,
And pictures every scene that moves below ;
Withdraws men from themselves—their brighter
hours

Cheers and enlivens by its pleasing powers
As gentle Goldsmith's, whose endearing lore,
The soul delighted, reads, and sighs for more—
Fielding's or Smollett's—Scott's prolific page,
Whom fame immortal leads from age to age—
Or Addison, whose blooming fancies rife,
Deck with sweet flowers the simplest ways of life.

WITH Thee, bold Science holds her certain way,
With calm Philosophy divides the sway—
Stern facts, hard questions, knotty problems rise,
Like mountains to be climbed that pierce the
skies ;

No smooth ascent or purling streams are here—
No mossy banks or flowers wild appear ;

But rugged ways that earnest minds have known
Archimedes and Socrates have shown ;
Galileo brave ; and, in these latter days,
Clear-sighted Newton saw through Nature's
ways ;
Neglected Watt, the splendid-minded Wren,
With all the wise and world-improving men.

WITH faultless form proud Sculpture stands
erect,
And bids her sons earth's uncouth shapes select,
From her rough bosom splendid fabrics raise,
Such as the ancients left for modern praise—
Emblems of beauty, from the pregnant past,
Proofs that the power of mind will ever last,
Was strong and perfect, ages long flown by,
Will never fade till comes eternity.
The art of Greece, the orders all her own,
No new design succeeding years have known :

Walk thro' her Athens, splendour yet remains—
Order with beauty and perfection reigns.
See Rome, more favoured, softer touched by
time,
More sacred from the scorch of war's hot crime :
Go ! feel thy soul expand with grandeur, then
Bow to the genius of creative men.

ROUND yonder Roman camp with eager eye,
Where time-wrought ruins earth-hid mouldering
lie,
The Antiquary walks, with anxious gaze,
His soul embedded in the earlier days,
Whose ruin lives : whilst from inscriptions rare
He moves the moss-grown earth with tender
care—
'Till ancient names and dates and various deeds
Spring to the light from these long-hidden
seeds :

He visits now the church of ancient date,
Whose tomb, oak roof, quaint sculpture, each
 relate
The age that fashioned them—choice relics
 these,
That show the simple from the age of ease.

SWEET Music leads a soul-inspiring band,
Whose thoughts harmonious flow in every land,
Infusing rapture with the well-tuned song—
Uplifts the soul when sweet notes glide along
The faultless chord—faint sound of heaven's
 choir,
Its slightest murmur sent to move desire,
Exalt the heart, estrange it from the earth,
And make the soul foretaste its heavenly birth.

WITH silver voice, at once distinct and fair,
Persuasive Eloquence subdues the air,

Enchains the soul to dwell upon her theme,
And thus implants the substance of her dream ;
Whose thrilling powers stimulate the heart,
To play a noble and a glorious part,
And draw the human stream of doubting mind
To act in concert and success to find.

THE songs of Liberty her sons inspire,
Till nations feel the force of freedom's fire,
From heart to heart her sacred spirit flies—
From age to age, till despotism dies :
When Brutus rose he levell'd Tarquin's race—
The strong-nerved Tell removed his land's
disgrace—
Our Hampden gain'd the cause for which he
fell—
Stern Cromwell rose upon a monarch's knell.
But chief of all stands noble Washington—
Fame's gentle-minded uncorrupted son !

Methinks I see his spirit mournful stand,
Wailing that slavery degrades his land—*
Shuddering responsive to the slave's shrill cry,
The lash bemoaning, echoing sigh for sigh,
With mournful voice appealing to each heart—
' Play not so vile, so world-appalling part—
' Boast not thy sons are independent, free,
' While lives the barb that wounds thy liberty.'

I HEAR Thy breathing voice proclaim the day
When strife shall cease, and milder themes
 have sway ;
Even yet War triumphs over land and sea,
And gentle Peace laments man's cruelty ;
Fame hath it yet, but Peace War's name
 removes—
Her breath destroys whate'er her soul dis-
 proves ;

* Written before the abolition of slavery.

Surely, yet gently, as the touch of time,
She works his statues proud to undermine ;
Lamenting sighs, and urges mournfully—
God did not give his image thus to die !

END OF THE FIRST PART.



IMAGINATION.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

THE power of Imagination throughout life : life under her influence described—her more gloomy existence, illustrated in the episode of ruined woman—her power to heighten the pleasures of life, and of love, created by the admiration of beauty—her soothing power in grief shown—morning described, with the several occupations of man—the morning walk—the incidents and scenes arising therein—the farm yard—the busy day—man's dependence upon the future heightened by the charms of Imagination, or depressed by her frown—her influence throughout—an eulogy to commerce, the conclusion of the day—her anticipation of the comforts and pleasures of the night—the pleasures of the evening and night described—ambition's toil—the gambler—the night-toil's blight—the thief—fallen flowers, and their end—the duel—the power of conscience, and influence of the morning—madness, the wreck of mind, and conceit of lunatics—the metaphysician—the general conclusion—the millennium—the last day—the eternal existence of Imagination in Paradise.



PART II.

COME forth, Imagination ! bright-eyed maid,
Come from thy cool retreat in yonder shade,
Where sunny flecks through moving tree-tops
play,
To cheer the wanderer on his toilsome way ;
Where sun-beams sparkle on the shining wave,
And heated mortals in its coolness lave ;
Where pleasant sounds splash 'gainst advancing
boats,
And song-birds trill their joy with grateful
throats ;
Where happy children's laughter sounds afar,
O'er mimic games of chase, or flood, or war ;

Where love, young love, o'er cooing couples
flies,
Who feel their future through their flashing eyes;
Where Age in calm repose and sunshine sits,
While he reads out the news she smiling knits.
Thy backward look sets both their minds aglow
With all their bliss and all their softened woe.

IMAGINATION ! how Thy siren voice
With whispers soft makes every heart rejoice,
Opens the springs whence human actions flow—
The golden dreams that swell man's bliss below !
Each age in turn Imagination sways,
From our first years to manhood's latest days.
The lisping child, ere he the sweetmeat gains,
Tastes all its sweetness thro' the well-stored
panes ;
The school boy, seated on the irksome stool,
Learning the heavy task by rote or rule,

Thinks of his games upon the village green,
Each sport more tempting in the fancy seen,
Bids time fly fast, th' allotted hour to come,
To join his playmates, or the friends of home.
The youth, just entering life, Thou leadest on,
To gain such wreaths as honoured brows have
won,

To play a statesman's or a warrior's part,
Or sing the beauties that subdue the heart—
In hopeful teens to think a few short years
Will ripen fruit, where bud alone appears.
A little while—and then came love's first dream,
And ere it came, how glowing was thy beam !
How warmed each infant sense to feel its bliss,
The heavenly thrill of love's first timid kiss !
So sweetly felt the pleased and blushing maid,
Thought in her innocence her love betray'd.
Her lips love-press'd may yet retain some sign,
That she has tasted bliss on earth divine ;

While he enraptured gains his lonely bed,
Where imaged beauties float around his head.
The silver voice, the love-lit flashing eye,
The balmy breath, the soft ecstatic sigh,
The tender pressure of the snow-white hand,
Raise blissful hopes within the lover's land ;
And when he sleeps, her form he sees arise,
Illume his dreams as angels light the skies.
A change, a step of time, a few sands flow,
Love's first dream past now Hymen's joys they
know.

On, on, for many steps, yet still Thy hand
Beckons him forward with Thy glittering
wand.

He knows life's woes, yet thy seductive light
Pictures his children's happiness more bright ;
His sons, pursuing honour's arduous way,
His daughters, crown'd with virtue's modest
ray,

He walks life's broadway with a parent's pride,
With manhood's, virgin's bloom on either side.
And though he numbers thrice their budding
years,

Life's winters snow his head, care's wave
appears.

Though time, as earth bends Atlas, bows his
frame,

Destroys the symmetry that youth became,
Th' impoverish'd blood in lessened channels
flows,

His frame the track of many winters shows,
His soul o'erlooks the wreck of bygone time,
It feels no loss, is ever in its prime.—

Thus in this life, whose beauties gently fade,
Thy mirror hides the furrows Time hath
made,

And shows the soul her everlasting life,
When worldly passions are no longer rife.

WHEN stolen pleasure's transient bliss is o'er,
And sorrows reign where joys were known
before,

The world that sins, on sin exposed will frown,
Till frenzy's pangs Thy gloomiest efforts crown ;
Thus ruined woman dreads the life she bears,
And 'neath the waters plunging ends her fears ;
While man, the once fond lover, thinks no
more

Of confidence betrayed, though prized before ;
Perchance in after years, when children smile,
Clouds may arise of former sin and guile,
May make him clasp a daughter to his heart,
And dread lest others play so vile a part :
Ruin a parent's hope, as he betrayed
A gentle, loving, and too trusting maid.

WHEN beauty's flowing robes, with gentle play,
Sweep proudly by, and touch us in their way,

Or if in graceful dance we clasp the form,
How wild the passions throb, how fierce the
storm !

Or tender pressure move the love-warm hand,
The quiet trembling bliss, who can withstand ?
If favoured more—a chance—no soul is nigh—
A heaven-born kiss bestows its ecstasy—
Then happiness, with wings as light as air,
Wafts mingling souls from earth with transports
rare,

While joy throws o'er the eyes its blissful veil,
And in love's sea two souls united sail,
Then sigh to meet again, and meeting, sigh
For that faint gleam of heaven's reality.

WHEN griefs oppress the heart, the active
mind

Hopes from Thy soothing powers content to
find,

Clings to the spot where lost affections lie,
And weeps that heaven so kind should let them
die.

He reads the epitaph, the words his own,
A record of her worth in lover's tone ;
And yet most true, for purity refined
With every virtue, graced her heaven-born
mind.

When deep in woe he leans upon the tomb,
And sorrow fills the heart with fearful gloom.
Thou gently pourest balm upon the wound,
As thy sweet visions soothing float around ;
Once more he sues and wins her gentle heart,
And fondly dreams they ne'er again shall
part ;

As memory revels o'er departed bliss,
He feels her lips imprint the warm love-kiss,
Or wanders with her through the shady walk,
And listens to the dreams young love will talk,

So bright with earnest hope of future joy,
That youth will speak ere care brings life's alloy :
This was in sunny days, when nature's bloom
And blushing cheek her then bright eyes illumine ;
He sees her wasting now 'neath chilling sky,
Again attentive waits, withholds the sigh
That swells his heart, as she herself deceives,
And fondly in the future still believes ;
Though hectic flush betrays the blight that
kills—

Though fever heats, or icy coldness chills,
Each passing day its fearful ravage shows,
Yet still with brighter hope her spirit glows :
Speaking her love, and chiding his alarms—
She dies, O God !—she dies within his arms !

WHEN night's dark shades retreat before the
morn,

And Fashion sleeps, the cooling breezes borne

On the bright wings of dawn, refresh the brow
Of peasants whistling as they drive the plough ;
Light shines upon the meadows and the trees,
And sparkles o'er the waters with the breeze ;
Now rising larks high warbling hail the day,
And cheer men to their toil. Lambs sportive
play

Around their dams; the chanticler's proud crow
From distant homesteads rings: now farmers sow
The seed, and sowing reckon future wealth ;
Now starts the wily fox, with cautious stealth :
Along the running hedge ; the pack's full cry
Proclaims his course—huntsmen ride gaily by
To urge the victim's death ; the loaded wain
With rustic tinkling bells, carries the grain
That men exchange for gold. We gain the
stream,
And walk along its banks, where sunbeams
gleam

Through shady trees ; where patient anglers
wait,

And for its fancied treasures ply the bait,
With writhing worms, and watch the dancing
float :

With steady progress glides the horse-drawn boat
Laden with wares, that man's industrial skill
Fashions to use. Hark to that whistle shrill
And loud, the human-freighted train darts by,
And swift retreats from sight ; hot embers fly
And dance along the earth. The startled steed,
With head erect and sinews knit for speed,
With neigh defiant gallops o'er the plain,
In race unequal with the rapid train :
We gain the road where healthful faces pass,
And change good morrow with each blooming
lass

Who trots to market with the dairy's store,
Singing a simple lay of village lore,

In distance heard as soft it glides away.
Light laughter rings from rosy children gay ;
The startled linnet and the chaffinch fly,
In timid haste, as travellers pass by
The varied tinted hedge of cheerful green,
Where primrose smiles, sweet violets are seen :
In yonder busy farm, with martial air,
The threatening turkey struts—a hen with
care
Keeps warm and safe from ills her little brood,
With mother's love, and cackling finds them
food ;
The modest cattle, knee-deep, wade the pool,
And tired horses seek its waters cool ;
The noisy ducks run waddling to the stream,
There graceful float, or dive—the peacock's
scream
Discordant strikes the ear—geese lazy lie,
Or active nip the grass—from open sty

The spotted litter comes—the cooing flight
With fluttering sound ascends the airy height,
In circuit flies, and scans the country round—
The singing maid the milching cow brings round,
And draws its treasure forth ; the sound of flails
From thatched and mossy barn the ear assails
By willing thrashers used ; in kennel housed,
The packs deep bay some fancy hath aroused,
To which the watch-dog gives responsive howl,
Or warns the stranger with a sullen growl.

The honest rustic tramping to the town,
With stick and bundle, hat of hazel brown ;
Now flocks and herds by dogs sagacious led,
And heated drovers thirsting hang the head ;
Now plodding travellers thickly stud the way,
Some from the crowded coach send laughter
 gay

To ring upon the ear ; each anxious mind
Thinks o'er the coming day, that sad or kind

Will close ;—Thy forms and voice are active
now,
Thoughts bright or sad depress or raise the
brow.

What thousands stream along the busy street,
In full pursuit of gain ! Running we meet
The lazy youth, whom the seductive bed
Kept late enthrall'd, fill'd with the anxious
dread

Of angry looks and words ; fresh crowds arrive—
The city teems with life, ev'n as the hive
Sends forth its swarms ; men anxious eye the
Post—

A wafer hides a fortune won or lost
In speculation's game ; rich glittering wares
Lie full exposed with trader's wily snares,
To tempt the eye and purse. But one hour
more—

Then commerce briskly moves, to fashion's store

Good-wives, fair daughters flocking, grace the
way

With smiles, while blooming beauties look away,
And slyly court, while they avoid the gaze
Warm admiration gives ; in rude amaze,
The honest yeoman, with enraptured eye,
Looks on the wonders round, while dext'rously
The cunning thief empties his pockets wide.
Now loaded vans, trim carts, light chaises glide,
Well crowded vehicles, smart horsemen prove
Their skill as through the maze they move
Expert and safe ; while beggars crawling by
Assail the feeling heart through ear or eye,
By bandaged limb, or piteous moving plaint,
Or dog-led, load the air with solemn cant,
Or tortured children's sobs. The hawker tries
To sell his little wares with stifled cries
Authority doth check. The carriage gay,
With gaudy liv'ries stately wends its way,

And fires the heart of young Ambition, till
It gain like ease by industry or skill,
By tricks or honest trade; slow moves the hearse,
Whose mournful plumes wave over death, the
curse

For Eden's sin, and checks the busy thought,
While gloomy meditation comes unsought,
And warns man of his end. With sounding horn
The mail commands clear space; at eve, at morn
The needy honest trader moves apace,
To save his family the keen disgrace
Of ruined credit, runs from friend to friend,
And oft repulsed, still hopes the next will lend.
Now news late issued stops the busy way,
With gaping crowds, and interests the day;
We gain the river side whose waters teem,
With crafts deep-laden, pleasure boats of steam,
The clumsy barge that drifts before the tide,
And freighted wherries that more swiftly glide;

The well stored docks, where ocean's monarchs
rest,

Proudly and safely with fair wealth possest,
Produce of distant lands. O ! Enterprise,
Far-seeing spirit, who from dreams didst rise
To bless the human race, whence Commerce
sprung,

With all her mighty good, thy power is sung
And felt from shore to shore ! What labour
lives

Beneath thy fost'ring hand, that freely gives
For each day's work its honest daily bread
Content to many homes. Thy voice hath led,
Heighten'd by bright Imagination's glow,
Earth's daring sons extremes of clime to know,
And gain her envied wealth. The day fades fast,
With it what num'rous cares or joys have passed
O'er human hearts ! The city's outlets pour
Their life into the main ; from ev'ry door,

From curious nooks and alleys, places strange,
The sons of commerce their "good nights"
exchange,

For home or pleasure bound, delighted leave
By rapid rail, slow coach, or boat, to breathe
The country's balmy air; the needy walk;
East, west, north, south is fill'd with happy talk
And smiling men, the busy day once o'er,
Home's joys and pleasures cheer; moving before
Thou show'st the smiling wife with children
dear,

Who anxious wait the hour when they appear,
And warm embracing greet. The lover sees
His chosen fair essay her skill to please,
Fly to the door when his known step is heard,
To gain love's kiss, and soft endearing word.
Now Pleasure tempts the world with glitt'ring
wings,

To grace the night her merry troop she brings

In pleasing guise ; some pass the social hour
In harmless games ; 'neath comfort's cheering
 power,
Flies the gay time, till sleepy Morpheus come,
In drowsy mood, then youth and age succumb
Beneath his touch, and seek the welcome bed.
Some love the stage, by farce or drama led,
To have the merry thought or anxious fear,
The pleasant laugh or sympathising tear,
In turn aroused : with light and active tread
To lively music, through the graceful thread
Of giddy dance, fair maids and sprightly youths
Join midnight to the morn ; the ballad soothes
With simple strain ; or music's higher art
The classic soul delights. Ambition's part
It is, while pleasure laughs at midnight hour,
By flickering light, to summon to his power
The airy visions of the high-wrought brain,
And give them perfect to the world, a gain,

An offering laid by genius on the shrine
Of fame for its great meed. Lights brilliant shine
On glittering gold in yonder hell : hark ! hark !
To that curs'd rattle ; see those faces dark
With selfish thoughts—the hand shakes in the
air—

The dice fall on the board—wild looks are there,
Chance sides against the vice-entangled mind,
Which trusts to fortune, doubly false and blind :
When gamesters risk the throw—all, all, is lost—
See ! how remorse the heated brain hath tost
Into delirium's tide ! wild thoughts are there,
And suicidal, urg'd by blank despair.

The muzzle's on the brow, a flash—a fall—
The brain that moved the deed now clots the
wall :

The spirit meets its God ! The streets are
quiet—

And silence reigns around ; till drunken riot,

With alcoholic voice, aimless and loud,
Disturbs the sleeper's rest. What sufferings
crowd

In yonder room, whose casement throws the
light

Into the sullen air ! There night-toil's blight
Falls o'er the youthful hearts, which waste and
die—

Consumption's worm is there, its heavy eye
And aching brain ; the needle pucks its way—
A bridal vesture snowy-white and gay
Robs maidens of their rest, to deck the proud—
The hands that form its beauty weave a
shroud :

The night wears on apace. Now keen patrol
Passes with steady foot, and keeps control
O'er roguery's midnight knaves—for men there
are,

When darkness looms around, from secret lair,

While inmates sleep, steal to the chest where
gold,

And plate, and jewels shine, then from the
hold

The choicest take. Now Vice's daughters ply ;
With soft fair speech they tempt the passer by :
But blind must be the soul who hopes to sip
Sweets from flowers dank, truth from false-
hood's lip,

Or joy from woe : can the cold carmined cheek
Vie with the modest blush, or eyes that speak
Falsely with those love lights : or fragrant
breath

Of innocence with that from living death
Noisome exhaled ? Alas ! through wet, through
cold,

A blighted, fevered life is theirs, and old
Whilst young, virtue's endearments lost,
Their doom an early grave, sin's fearful cost.

Now Honour, falsely called, snaps friendship's
band,

To please a careless world withholds the hand,
And checks the noble soul that would with-
draw

Passion's quick-uttered word, and warmly thaw
Revenge's icy heart ; now face to face,
While heartless seconds count the measured
space,

They stand 'tween life and death ; red murder
glares

With blood-stained eyes, as each proud soul
forbears

The advance to make ; look now ! erect and full
Of life they stand ; pause ere their fingers pull
The fatal spring—the bullet's rapid force
Hurls one to earth, a hapless bleeding corse.

The leap, the form convulsed, will often lower,
Recalled by conscience in life's silent hour.

Now the fast paling moon fades, as the sun
Uprising gilds the east ; the morn's begun ;
With rosy smiles it cheers the coming day—
Man's soul, like nature's, makes serene and gay.

How grand Thou art in madness—there supreme
Thy aerial visions live in rays extreme
To reason's calmer thought ; the o'er-wrought
brain

Hath snapped its reasoning cord, by sorrow, pain,
Or guilt ; o'erturned or weakened in its power.
Some fancies wander as in childhood's hour ;
Some more intense, ev'n as a mighty fire
Fanned by the breeze, uncheck'd its wild desire,
Flaming floats grandly on : with reason's wreck
Bold thoughts arise, nor doubt ere comes to
check

The phantom-grasping mind. 'Tis wondrous true
That all that's great or good to ear or view,

The phrenzied soul doth seize, ecstatic flights
And joys, the bliss of nature's wild delights.
Reveal Thy spirit's brain-wove phantasies !
Who gave yon madman thoughts that heaven
supplies,
That breathe he is a God ? With mercy's look,
That lights his face, he gently will rebuke
His vague companions, whilst he tells them
earth
And heaven are his ; that plenty, drought, and
dearth
His will ordains, then wilder, warmer glows,
Sits in a sunbeam, and his arms upthrows ;
Loudly condemns the world. Across his eye,
On summer breezes borne, a tiny fly
Diverts his wrath. Another mildly talks
The Saviour's precepts as he meekly walks
The allotted space—a flower wreath adorns
His brow for glory or a crown of thorns,

As the soft fancies change. The weeping maid,
Who sighing mocks the breeze, yon man hath
made

The Lord's anointing Mary, she with tears,
And patient fondness for three hopeful years
Her lover's coming looked, and still believes
His friends forbid him—'tis not he deceives,
Or stays from love so true ; in one short year
Will mourn him dead, and scraps of crape will
wear,

And fondly feed her vows that she is true
And ne'er will love again. A gloomy hue
Shades this poor mortal's mind ; in reason's day
A kinder soul ne'er beamed ; across his way
The insect unharmed ran ; by slow degrees
His reason wandered ; now he ever sees
Through clouded vision, blood upon his hand ;
His forehead, Cain-like, bear the signal brand
That God ordained for murder. By-and-by

The day arrives when he's condemned to die ;
This day once past, the first mad fancy flies,
He deems this life is o'er, to-day he dies :
That he's a spirit doomed for coming years,
To purge away his sins ; he thinks and fears
The keepers fiends, the sad Asylum hell.
Dread horrors fill yon madman's soul, and swell
To things deformed and loathed, who scoff, and
point,
And coil their snake-like bodies without joint,
And kiss him with their slimy lips ; the air
Holds objects wild and strange—with mad
despair
He tries to fight them off ; fatigued at last,
He sinks ; while through the awful night the
blast
Gives mournful moans and shrieks, he seems to
breathe
Things foul and horrible ; snakes hissing wreathe,

Snails icy crawl, and nerveless jellied slug
Passes his gaping lips ; the vilest drug,
Nauseous and sickening, his best food appears,
And these dire fancies haunt his mind for
years,

Ere milder madness comes. As Satan, this
Will whisper in each ear of sin the bliss,
And tell them how in mightier days he fought
Lord God Almighty; how th' archangel brought
And chained him to this spot: he strives to win
His fellow-sufferers to deeds of sin ;
To rise in proud rebellion, gives them names
Accurst in holy writ, and jeering blames
Their want of will to act—his schemes will hide
In childish play. 'Tis that poor soldier's pride
To pile around, in pyramidal form,
Small stones, for iron shot, and take by storm
Yon hillock's brow ; to scale and plant on high
His 'kerchief small, and hail it with the cry

Of victory. Would battles bloodless were
As this poor warrior's are ! With mocking air
He styles himself Napoleon, with glee
He speaks of red fields lost or won, when he
was free ;

Of scenes of blood—how glorious 'tis to kill—
See bleeding myriads fall to please one will.
Then walks sedate, arms firmly crossed abreast,
And scowls and frowns as he who once possessed
The name, and shed the life of millions
In sanguinary might. Another shuns
The rest, seeks quiet ways, and holds his
speech

In sullen mood. A spider's out of reach
Spinning his wily snare ; in watchful state
One sits, and calls his work the web of fate ;
The limb-bound flies his victims. Mind's 'sad
wreck

Floats wildly round, nor comes its aid to check

The emperors, kings, and queens that madness
dreams ;

Bedeck'd in fancy's garb that flattering seems
A regal robe, here hold their visioned sway
O'er earth and its dominions. Souls more gay
Fashion conceits, and laugh and cry by turns ;
A catholic now apes the Pope, and spurns
As heretics all else ; a protestant,
With cap as mitre in a frenzied chant,
Will doom the out-paled Pope. One loudly
sings ;

Some gaily dance. A mother smiling brings
A papered doll, and fondly thinks 'tis fair,
Praises its lips, bright eyes, and flaxen hair,
Then, swift embracing, sings a lullaby,
With burning kisses mixed. Some deem the sky
And stars are angels, and the moon so round
Heaven's bright realm. And think a tune the
sound

That discord beats upon a tub. Lost mind
Will boast the linguist's lore, nor ever find
Or think its memory wrong. Now seated high
On flatten'd post, one drives a phantasy,
Coaxes and soothes, or gives an oath in turn,
As steeds run well or restive. Fancies burn
Within this flaming mind, who foaming rends
Strong bands, and bites, and tears, and fierce
contends

With arms that keep him down; with deafening
yells

He shouts defiance, as herculean swells
Each muscle, madness gives a strength unknown
To reason's play. That man hath vainly blown
A heap of sun-dried sticks, nor will he tire ;
He dreams it is ordained his hands shall fire
The world on its last day. Some cunning
hide

Small shining things and bits of silk, and pride

Themselves upon their wealth. Some think
they swell
To giant's size, or simple stories tell
With air mysterious. A statesman writes
Despatches long with serious face, and bites
The stick he deems a pen, and thinks he seals
The world's proud destiny. Here one reveals
A scroll ; with lips attuned to trumpet's noise
Proclaims the list of fame. One tries to poise
His body on his toe, with madman's mirth ;
Describes himself the axis of the earth,
And quickly turning moves. An actor lives
The madman now that once he played, and gives
Strange gestures, high flown words, and poet's
thought
That memory still retains. A child hath
caught
A simple boy, whom reason never blest,
Though nature gave a soul, which ne'er can test

The power of right or wrong—a struggling bee,
From which he pulls the sting and then with
glee

Its silver wings and legs, its mangled form
Still gleeful tears, nor knows its pain. A storm
Arouses to the pitch of ecstasy

Yon man, who deems himself ordained to see
The judgment day, and thinks the light's the rod,
The pealing thunder is the voice of God,
The flying clouds His robe. A thistle down
One blows, to bid his sweetheart come and
crown

His love, whom demons hold, bids it go soothe
And prove to her his vows. 'Tis a sad truth,
Religion's sons too fervid in their zeal,
Whom mad enthusiasts have caused to feel
Too keen a sense of sin, throng thickly here :
These gloomy thoughts depress, and death's
worst fear,


Their timid souls subdue. On whiten'd wall
With rusty nail an artist's hand will scrawl
His fancies wild and strange. A poor man tries
To sell his visioned wares, and vainly cries
In tuneful voice spring flowers or summer fruit,
Th' autumn nut, or grape, or pear to suit
With sweet and fragrant coolness every taste.
Conceits fly wildly round—ideas unchaste
In souls once pure now live, and thoughts of
 crime
And deep revenge and hate. Bring soothing
 time
To cool the fevered heat of wandering mind,
Let Reason's stronger sons, where'er they find
A waning soul, use all their cheering powers
To raise with tender hand these drooping
 flowers.
For who can tell, how strong the mind to-day,
What sudden chance may startle reason's ray,

Some hid disease, a sorrow, passing fright,
Send the great mind to madness, or to night !

SOME would etherealise this mortal frame
And call existence but a phantom flame—
The world with all its beauties only Thine,
An imaged splendour when the sunbeams shine,
Or softer moon, or sparkling stars—that sense
Is but a fiction, and howe'er intense
The passion burns, their heat Thy breathings
fan—

Deny that touch or taste belong to man,
Holding our life an effluence of the Soul,
Which first conceived and framed the mighty
whole,

Whose beauty lives around—the child we love,
Or wife, or bosom-friend, or foe will prove
Part of the living dream—a bright conceit
And strange, to join this span of years that fleet



So soon, to that Immensity of soul,
Which will exist when Time hath lost control,
And earth its form and life ; some doubt our ill
Or good, and think our joys but dreams that fill
The soul. Not thus our faith—the power of
mind—

Of reason mixed with error, partly blind,
Is man's. And yet the human soul shall live
Ethereal, when heaven's light its glories
give,

Where perfect beauty lives and man's ideal
Shines in the good, the truthful, and the real.

Now go, my Muse, Imagination's gleams.
Have now inspirited and filled thy dreams ;
Ten thousand sunlit forms illumine the way,
Ten thousand voices bid Thy soul be gay
And full of hope, a soft voice seems to say,
Faint, faint thou not—give to the world thy lay.

Boldly, and pause no more. What! canst thou
paint

The force of courage, yet thyself grow faint—
The power of patience, perseverance, will,
Yet dread the caustic touch to test thy skill
The world's cold hand will give? Rise! Spirit!
rise!

Throw off thy mortal dread, doubt prostrate
lies

And pale and trembling calls on me to pause,
While sinking fear, Dismay's keen horny claws
Fix on my frame—now ruined Hope glides past
With hair dishevelled loosened to the blast,
With wringing hands, with lacerated heart—
Her life blood oozing from th' envenomed dart
Thrown by the critic's hand—dark spirits float
While Censure brings her willing brood to gloat
O'er prostrate Hope. Again the spirits sing,
And brighter visions to the fancy bring,

And point their bright ethereal hands to Fame,
Who holds the tempting wreath that worth may
claim

When passed the world's ordeal. Now all the
choir

Sings sweetly—Mortal ! if thy soul aspire
To gain the laurel crown of fame, press on
And win the glorious name ! Spirits, 'tis done—
To rise or fall, unaided and unknown,
My Muse attempts her flight—the die is thrown !

IMAGINATION ! Thy pure essence give,
To this, to every age ordained to live ;
Hurl falsehood from the world ; bring smiling
Truth,
Whose noble bearing shows immortal youth,
To guide the tongues of men ; with peaceful
wreath

Crown Liberty's proud head, and bid her sheathe

The useless sword, and fly with greeting hand,
Till her sweet form is known in every land
And fills the nation's heart ; let budding hope
Quick blossom into life—increase the scope
Of Wisdom's thought—light that new science
more,

Whose silent flash darts swift from shore to
shore,

As with a spirit's flight ; whose brilliant beams
Have shown the potency of her golden dreams
To bless the human race ; let arts arise
To conquer those that cruelty supplies,
Making war's horrid weapons still more true
And fatal for the fight ; let strife's red hue
Stain earth's green sward no more ; let know-
ledge shine

With all her sacred power to make divine
The erring souls of men ; in Wisdom's light
Let ignorance lose her boasted power to blight

And thrall immortal man ; quell hungry self,
Bring Charity, whose hand divides the wealth
That God hath showered round ; bring fruitful
Peace,

And let her smiling reign make Discord cease,
And spread her blessings wide ; give Honour
place,

And Virtue with her modest maiden 'face.

Then let one universal tongue express
The thoughts and wants of life, and mankind
bless ;

Let Love beam in all hearts and o'er each clime ;
That man may live for man in coming time :
Each age in noble deeds more purely shine,
Till Love shall prove the soul to be divine ;
Then each imagined good shall have its birth,
And mortals know immortal joys on earth,
All nature feel the softening hand of love
That makes the lion gentle as the dove,

The eagle leave its height, forget its prey,
And nestle with the lamb : one creed have
 sway—

The Love of God ! let milk and honey flow,
And earth with heaven's pure light resplendent
 glow,

Till night exists no more—one glorious day,
The earth's millennium ere earth pass away
In final doom ! It comes ; earth trembling feels
The scorching glare of flame ; convulsed she
 reels ;

The heavens ope, the clouds fly back like scrolls
Consumed by mighty heat, with pain earth rolls ;
And trembling gives her resurrectioned life
To Mercy's God ;—'mid elemental strife
The cooling winds are hushed ; the oceans
 steam

And render up their dead—the sun's fierce
 beam

Swells heaven's increasing fire; the melting
moon

And stars fuse in the glowing mass; and soon
The mighty heat the everlasting hills hath rent
And hurled them from their base—its rage is
spent;

Then with one vasty groan the spirit flies;
The soul of Nature to its God doth rise,
And mingles with His own. 'Tis then Thy life,
Thine essence flows through heaven with
pleasures rife,

Where every thought conceived is blissful gain,
That leads of sunlit forms a splendid train:
There glorious realms with perfect pleasures ring,
Celestial spirits ever sweetly sing,
Immortal power liveth ever sure,
Unblemished virtue beameth ever pure,
There living waters ever softly play,
And never-fading flowers fresh hues array;

There bliss, angelic bliss, still reigns supreme,
And glowing beauties ever radiant seem.
There perfect Wisdom speaks with voice divine,
And myriad souls in dazzling glory shine,
In light, pure light, in God's ne'er ending day,
Pure love approaching His who gave its ray,
And whose Almighty will all things obey!





*Some of the following Poems were contained in the
volume presented to the RT. HON. SIR E. B.
LYTTON, BART., M.P., &c., when he accepted the
Dedication in the year 1857.*





ORIGINAL DEDICATION.

To

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,

BART., M.P., &c., &c., &c.,

the brilliancy of whose genius

will throw a halo around his name in that temple

where Fame's proud finger

will, throughout all time, direct the gaze of admiration,

These Poems

are, with permission, dedicated

by

The Author.

1857.





SOME POEMS.





THE PASSION FLOWER.

A MIND is born with innate power
Hopeful, sublime, alone.
Sown at its birth a Passion flower,
With it has cherish'd grown.
And the mind and the flower grew,
Both fair and beautiful to human view.

"Flower, oh flower," the fond youth sigh'd,
"Thy blossoms greet the sun ;
Tho' many die at eventide,
To morrow more bloom on :
While mine are only in the bud,
Thy passion's flowers ev'ry tendril stud."

“ Youth, fond youth,” sighs forth the flower,
 “ Thy soul shall climbing rise ;
Ambition’s sun, tho’ clouds may lower,
 Will light thee to its skies ;
Thy flowers like mine shall blossom high,
Some in life’s day to live—its night to die.”

Climbing the rising mind grew on,
 To its high purpose true ;
Climbing the Passion flower was strong,
 And varied in its hue :
And the mind and the flower grew,
Both fair and beautiful to human view.



SPRING.

SEE hoary winter melting into tears,
As, zephyr led, sweet Spring comes robed in
green,
Bright sunny smiles her maiden beauty wears,
And budding trees like budding hopes are
seen.
All Nature praises God with varied throat,
To hail her first with many a trilling note,
The mating birds their love-songs sweetly
sing,
And happy bleats o'er daisied meadows ring ;

To deck her beauty with their brightest hue,
The flowers, gently-lifting earth, appear,
The trees their blossoming snow or crimson
wear,
And sunlit clouds float high in heaven's blue :
Each year, each heart, is blest with Spring's
sweet time,
As Paradise was blest in Adam's prime.



SUMMER.

As Summer comes sweet Spring soft glides away,
And smiling leaves the year to her warm
heart,

Who willing plays to all a mother's part,
To all the infant buds and flowers of May.

Sometimes she weeps to see those flowers
fade,

Now smiles to see her daily rip'ning grain,
To hear her song birds sing their heav'n taught
strain,

Now basks in sunshine or now rests in shade ;

Now clothes the callow young to take their
flight,
Gives glorious days to heighten men's delight--
Sweet Summer eves that scarcely know the
night,
Tipping old ocean's waves with silver bright.
Yet she must pass, as all the rest have gone—
With all the glory that her sunsets shone!



AUTUMN.

SEE the ripe matron Autumn smiling round,
The mighty plenty of her spacious lap,
The fruit and bounty of Spring's virgin sap ;
And all the golden grain that hides the ground !
How green the fields when Spring's soft light
was gone,
How brown the plains 'neath Summer's
rip'ning sun,
How rich the earth now Autumn's smiles are
won,
And all this glorious harvest's work is done !

Thank God, oh, man, for sunny days now past,
The fruit and wine into thy garners cast,

For Spring and Summer, Autumn's brilliant
cheer,

For all the blessings of a bounteous year.
For passing Autumn's gifts, her great increase
That crowns the world with plenty and with
peace.



WINTER.

OLD Winter comes, the crisp air holds his breath,
Comes from the lands of frost, of ice, and
snow,

Autumn's last buds and flowers he leaves to
death,

And ailing youth and age his hands lay low.
But though he nips the leaf he keeps the sap :
Though the past season's flowers fading, die,
He knows next Spring will smiling pass him
by,

And bring new hopes and buds to fill the gap.

Oh ! how we love him and his merry games ;

His fires bright, his table's sumptuous fare,
That light of love, the day, the time, inflames,
And at his Christmas time soothes many a care ;
When hearts aglow with good and friend-
ship's ray,
Steal from Millennium's year a loving day.



SONNET FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year comes, with still but certain
tread,

With hand upraised, Time's curtain to with-
draw,

To show Hope's offspring there—or lying dead,

And in man's brightest jewels many a flaw—
He comes, Time's last-born; with a smiling
face,

As each has come in all the ages gone,
Opening his year to all man's giddy race,
Which each poor fool thinks made for him
alone :

He bids all pause—points to the quiet dead
 Who silent lie—laid low, for good or ill.
 Think well, he says, how each friend's life was
 sped,
 Be wise in time! God helps ye, if ye will :
 And good men heed not years that come and go,
 Their souls are God's if no more years they
 know.



STRANGE STORIES.

WHY should the young, who innocently read,
Have morbid fancies brought before their
eyes,

In mystic tales each serial supplies,
When sound advice and counsel good they
need ?

Why do great men strange stories deign to
write,

Or make mesmeric humbug truth appear ?

A madman's dream a soul's clairvoyant flight,
That spirits round our homes may linger near ;

With silly knocks reveal mundane affairs,
Ring bells, turn hats, make tables dance to
 chairs ;
Or ghosts appear at solemn midnight hour,
Spells or death-wishes arm with heaven's
 power—
Were witches ducked ? do good men live
 and die
That such poor Mediums should their place
 supply ?



SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

OH, blessed day ! when labour sleeping lies,
His sons are free from worldly toils and
care,

When millions in thy light breathe purer air,
See nature's pleasing ways with gladdened eyes,
And feel her voice arrest their sympathies,
Then thank their God that they such bless-
ings share.

The very air seems purer and more rare ;
The trees and streams seem softer in their
sighs ;

Ten thousand bells pour forth their solemn call,
When Christians give their souls to praise
and prayer,
And hear from lips devout man's sin and fall,
And ask God's blessing in this world of care ;
Order's good spirit, smiling, blesses all,
And each man follows that he deems most
fair.



THE CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

NEAR thrice two thousand children did I see
Within St. Paul's, a sight sublime, I wot,
Brought there to join in Heaven's minstrelsy
In His own house who said, "Forbid them
not."

The girls were placed like hills of rising snow,
Their colours blending formed a nosegay
sweet,

Backed by the boys in many a varied row :
And, when the prayers began, with action
fleet

Small aprons rose to pyramids of white,
 A soul-entrancing, simple, pretty sight ;
 And then I heard their little voices sing,
 So sweet and pure they rose with sounding
 ring—
 Like songs of birds, they circling reach'd the
 dome,
 These, listening angels caught and carried
 home.



ALONE, ALONE.

ALONE, alone, in any land—
No kindly word, with friendly hand
To grasp our own, or calm our fears,—
How cold, how gloomy all appears !

Alone, alone, no bee will hive ;
'Tis vain to toil, 'tis vain to strive.
Alone, alone, no king would reign ;
Without a friend all hopes are vain.

Alone, alone, all earthly joys,
Life's honours are but phantom toys :
Ambition's star, tho' bright before,
Meteor-like, is seen no more.

Alone, alone, e'en God above
Created angels for his love ;
Adam mid Eden's bliss did grieve,
Till God in pity gave him Eve.

Alone, alone, no work's divine ;
Great thoughts might flash but never shine ;
The brightest mind would sink in gloom,
The fairest flowers vainly bloom.

The sun shines brightly every day ;
The earth blooms gaily 'neath its ray.
The sun, alone, in vain would shine ;
The earth without its light would pine.

Alone, alone, what can we prize ?
Without a friend no man can rise ;
'Tis vain to sigh for fame or power—
A friend is worth a princely dower.



THE MURDERER.

Who is he who with stealthy pace,
With frenzied brow and scowling face,
With crouching form and hanging breath,
Creepeth to hurry the sleep of death ?

Who is she, by his hand to die ?—
His own sweet wife by holy tie !
An angel in her form and mind,
A gem of life and womankind.

He woo'd her for her wealth and land—
He won her heart—he gain'd her hand ;
From feignèd love neglect doth flow,
And love for her he ne'er did know.

He loves one—with a form as fair,
But rottenness of heart is there—
Depravity of soul and mind,
With love of guilt most demonkind.

At night—mid festive scenes and wine,
When soft lips meet and arms entwine,
If woman sue, God's aid we need,
She wins our hearts to any deed!

'Tis night!—oh, God, that beauty's smile
Should hide a heart of sin and guile;
Or madd'ning fumes our senses hold,
Till crime is reckon'd brave and bold.

And never soul did seem more fair
Than her's, that laid its dark thoughts bare—
Did serpent tongue use sweeter wile
Than her's to hide her purpose vile?

Bold in her sin, and serpent like,
She urged him oft the blow to strike ;
But crime a horrid aspect wears,
Till frequent tempting drowneth fears !

“ No, not to night—oh, not to night,
She loves me ”—“ Yes ! she loves by right,
Were she no more, then mine the bliss
To seal our love with bridal kiss.”

“ I dare not ! ”—“ What ! art coward, then—
A dastard living among men ? ”
“ Hold, taunt me not—I will ! I will !
Stay, ere I go, this goblet fill.”

“ Drink ! Drink it off, my true brave man !
Come, once again—nay, love, you can ”—
He does—and now to reason lost
In fiery waves his brain is toss'd !

“ He goes ! ”—the fiend exulting cries,
“ Revenge is mine—this night she dies !
Fool, fool she was to be his wife—
She knew I loved him more than life ! ”

He crossed his threshold like a thief.
Guardian angels bring relief,
Oh ! save him, ere the flight of time
Has stamped him with his blackest crime.

Conscience wearied quits her throne,
As evil counsels urge him on,—
He starts to hear the dull stairs creak,
And fancies now that voices speak—

“ Come back ! come back ! ” “ Go on ! go on ! ”
The air around seems full of tongue—
What whispers through the still air creep !
He draws his breath more short and deep.

He casts a hurried timid glance
Where gloomy shadows grimly dance,
Flickering darkly on the wall,—
He trembles at his own footfall.

A sudden gust destroys the light,
He curses now in sudden fright,
His bristling hair's erect with fear,
Dark shadows make the gloom more drear.

Deep sullen quiet reigns around—
Dull echo mocks each hollow sound,
As blood-stain'd shades around him float,
And fevered fancies parch his throat.

The thunder rolls, the night is drear,
His guilty soul's opprest with fear—
His glaring eyeballs swell and start,
His frame feels horror's keenest smart.

He hears the hoarse wind roar without—
The big drops fall—the tempest shout—
He sees the lightning flash on high—
And trembles as the deed draws nigh.

He pauses now—now moves apace—
The sweat-drops course his fever'd face—
His swollen heart beats loud and quick,
His breath is more convulsed and thick.

She sleeps, in holy blessed sleep—
Ent'ring he crawls, as reptiles creep,
He draws the curtain—bares her heart,
The cold air makes her shuddering start.

Backward he shrinks, assailed by fear—
She smiles—she dreams he holds her dear,
But wakes not—tho' her sweet lips move,
Breathing his name with fervent love.

Speak again for thine own dear weal ;
More fondly ere he lifts the steel !
Alas ! she sleeps—it glistens high—
He strikes—she wakes with piercing cry !

The blow, tho' mortal, slightly errs ;
Transfix'd he stands—nor breathes nor stirs.
Convulsed she rises—grasps his hand—
While horror makes him passive stand.

She locks him in her last embrace,
Murder'd and murderer face to face—
Now conscience startled, claims her throne,
His heart is bleeding like her own.

Her angel-mind forgiveness prays
For him who blighted all her days ;
An angel's look glides o'er her brow,
Her soul's with God in Heaven now !

A maniac on her corse he falls,
With frantic cries for aid he calls ;
Upbraids her for her cold embrace,
Wildly kissing her marble face.

The callous wretch who urged the deed,
Follows her gloating eyes to feed—
He turns ; ah, fiend ! thy victim view—
The steel shall pierce thy foul heart too.

One look of horror and despair ;
One wild wild shriek pierced thro' the air.
One fatal blow—a corse she fell,
Her soul a tenant fit for hell.

The tempest rages fierce without,
He rushes forth with madman's shout,
Defying thunder, hail and rain,
While fearful eddies whirl his brain.



THE MURDERER.

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On ! on ! he flies—to summit high,
No hand to stay, the deed is nigh ;
He leaps aloft—then sinks in gloom,
And echo sounds his earthly doom !



GUARDIAN ANGEL, BE OUR
GUIDE.

GUARDIAN angel ! be our guide,
Lead our souls to deeds of worth ;
Give us all a manly pride,
Make us live to bless the earth.

And when ambition's voice inspires,
Would win us to its potent sway,
To brilliant thoughts give high desires,
Let our noblest feelings play.

When revenge wild passion stirreth,
Whisper thy soft words of love,
Check the dark thought, ere it erreth,
From our souls all hate remove.

When the heart with wild love burneth,
 Show the soul its coming guilt ;
Imaged sorrow often turneth,
 Saveth blood from being spilt.

When temptation's forms assail us,
 Syren beauties float around ;
Unmask their charms ere we bewail us,
 Bleeding conscience feels her wound.

When envy's gall would make us wreak,
 Vengeance on a rival's fame ;
Whisper, for his good deeds seek ;
 Give the praise his works can claim.

When satire's words would pierce the heart,
 Power places near our own ;
With gentler counsels turn the dart,
 Heedless else we should have thrown

When hypocrisy would mask us,
To profess against belief ;
Let thy soft voice gently task us ;
Candour come to our relief.

If a suffering soul appeal,
Ask us meekly for our aid ;
Oh ! prompt the words, the acts which heal,
Till a brother's want is saved.

When grasping bigotry would hold us,
To deny a brother's right ;
Whisper earth is made to fold us,
Each one in his soul's own light.

Whatever guilt our souls may dream,
Banish it with better thought ;
Ever light us with thy beam,
Let us see thee as we ought.

Ev'ry good thought prosper in us,
Ev'ry noble great idea ;
Virtue's, honor's, power win us,
From earth or heaven nought to fear.

Guardian angel ! never leave us,
Cheer us with thy brilliant light,
Let the world's clouds ne'er deceive us,
Ever keep our souls aright.



THE MAGIC OF HOME TO MY
SOUL IS APPEALING.

THE magic of home to my soul is appealing,
I feel its dear charms wherever I roam,
Some shadow beloved thro' the quiet is stealing
To whisper the soft words of love and of
home.

No distance, no time can e'er banish the feeling,
No beauty or powers o'ercome the sweet
strain,
That the sorrow of parting for ever is healing,
My soul in its musings sings over again.

I move in its circle and own its sweet power,
And feel o'er my spirit its beautiful calm ;
'Tis the sun that illumines each cloud ere it
lower—
And keeps like an angel my soul by its charm.



WHEN DISCORD'S HOUNDS ARE
LOOSED UPON THE WORLD.

WHEN Discord's hounds are loosed upon the
world,
With fury snapping at the robes of Peace,
She weeps to see her bright hopes wildly hurl'd
In madness down, to see her cheerful powers
cease.

Then o'er earth's ruin sings with plaintive voice,
Oh, man ! without me all thy hopes are vain,
Live to lament thy sad destructive choice,
To mourn and toil an age ere I can smile
again.

WHEN DISCORD'S HOUNDS ARE LOOSED. 137

For all thy struggles will be bloodstain'd, end-
less ;

Commerce alarm'd will flee each bleeding
shore,

Thy children's children will my shade caress,
And strive to heal the heart the fangs of
discord tore.



LUXURY.

To throw oneself upon the grass,
To hear the busy, buzzing fly,
And watch the moving objects pass
With listless half-closed dreamy eye,
Or nature's lights and shades to see,
And music hear—is luxury.

Beneath the shade, to see the sun,
And hear the passing hum of bee ;
The busy world's loud ways to shun,
To hear the rolling waves of sea ;
Or gentle zephyrs softly sigh
'Mid fragrant flowers—is luxury.

To watch barques gliding o'er the deep,
 Their white sails full before the wind,
Pass, like shadows seen in sleep,
 On, nor leave more trace behind ;
Till sunset's glories flush the sky,
And gild the waves—is luxury.

To see white clouds o'er heaven flying,
 To hear the joyful trill of birds,
With the maid who loves us sighing
 Responsive to our loving words ;
To feel the soul then blissful die
To worldly cares—is luxury.



TO A CHILD.

COME, little Trot, and let me see,
Thy dark blue eyes of sparkling glee,
And crimson pouting lips that vie
With fragrant rose close blushing by ;
Come brightly beaming happy smile,
To cheer my heart a little while
With thoughts as pure and happy now
As those I had when young as thou.

“Now, come, papa!” With sweet command,
Thou bid’st me hold thy little hand,
And run with thee some point to gain.
No sooner there, ’tis all in vain—

Thy changeful fancy will not stay,
But we must off another way ;
On to the porch, with blossoms hung ;
Who can resist thy pretty tongue ?

Now we are off—thy laughing words
I love beyond the song of birds ;
Bright smiles bedeck thy glowing face,
Thy tiny feet keep up the race,
Thy flaxen tresses wildly flowing,
O'er ruddy cheeks with health's-bloom glowing ;
Happy with thee, my darling child,
Life's sun has always beaming smil'd.



CHILDREN, HAPPY CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, happy children,
By the clear brook playing,
Mid sun and flowers,
Glide happy hours,
Life's purest flow pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
With water bubbles playing,
With hearts as light,
With hopes as bright,
Life's lightest hours pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
With the wild flowers playing,

With souls as fair,
Without a care,
Life's sweetest time pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
The summer breezes playing,
Your cheeks illumine
With rosy bloom
Life's happiest smiles pourtraying.

Children, happy children,
Birds o'er the water playing,
With wings as light,
Your cares take flight,
Life's innocence pourtraying.



THE APPEAL OF POVERTY.

OH God ! what is it I have done
To suffer hunger, thirst and pain,
To have no friend on earth—not one
To save these pangs and throes again ?

My fond and loving mother died
When most a mother's love is seen,
Would thou hadst laid me by her side,
Beneath the churchyard's bed of green.

I should have died so happy then—
No pangs my youthful heart had known ;
Why should I live to want again,
And suffer all these pains alone ?

The water rolling dark and slow,
Silent and coldly flowing on,
Seems not so cold as streams that flow
In many worldly hearts of stone.

One sudden plunge—its silent wave
Would ope its bosom soft to me,
And I should rest in its quiet grave,
Dead to earth's pain and misery.

My mother's words, "On God rely,"
Are stealing softly o'er my soul.
By seeking death, I Thee defy ;
Oh God, such gloomy thoughts control !



SYMPATHY.

THERE is a chord in ev'ry mind,
Strung to feel the touch of beauty
Though sunk in guilt, some angel kind,
May gently moving bring to duty.

'Tis heaven's best gift and owes its life,
To Him who watches o'er the earth,
Its power sublime o'ercomes the strife
Of passions in their wildest birth.

Oh, seek to play upon its string,
To touch it with some gentle word.
It vibrates if an angel sing,
When cold advice would ne'er be heard.



SONG OF THE SKELETONS.

Come where the fire damps flitting fly,
Men of bones, men of bones ;
King Death on his throne of shanks sits high,
Men of bones, men of bones.
At the hour when corpses quit the tomb,
Skeletons come to the cave of gloom ;
Where the oozing water stains the wall,
The worm in its darkness loves to crawl,
The roots of the trees that blossom above,
Wreathing fantastic, form death's grim grove.
Come skeleton band and bony throng,
Rattle a chorus to every song.

Hark ! hark ! to the sextons' mirth,
Their axes break the soil of earth ;
For old and young, for rich and poor,
Join us now as in days of yore.
Ropes are round the bodies running,
Merry to night shall be your funning,
Men of bones, men of bones.

Marrowless, fleshless, nought want we,
Men of bones, men of bones.

In death we all are equal and free,
Men of bones, men of bones.

Fate is spinning and snapping her thread,
Each turn of her wheel leaves thousands dead ;
For she and grim death with purpose fell,
Toil on till the last man's earthly knell ;
Till heaven rings with the trump of doom,
Immortal spirits spring from the tomb.

Then rejoice, rejoice, ye bony throng,
Death and his harvest speed along.

Hark ! hark ! to the sextons' mirth,
Their axes break the soil of earth ;
For old and young, for rich and poor,
Join us now as in days of yore.
Ropes are round the bodies running,
Merry to night shall be your funning,
Men of bones, men of bones.



SUNSHINE.

THE dewy mists are melting slow,
The east is bright with golden glow,
 And clouds and fogs must fade ;
Iris bends a varied bow,
The distant village smiles below,
 In sunny light and shade.

Oh, God ! it is a brilliant sight,
To see earth's glories greet thy light,
 Trees, and birds, and flowers ;

How gracious thou, with all thy might !
To bless man—all this shines so bright,
And all earth's golden hours.

The birds are singing on the bough,
The whistling peasant guides the plough,
And cheerful crows the cock ;
The breeze is coolly gliding now,
The corn falls fast before the mow,
And some is in the shock.

And some in ricks, in golden pride,
In distance gives a brighter side
Against the shining sun ;
While fast around the sunbeams glide,
To light the prospect spreading wide—
A glorious day's begun.

Light shines upon the distant hill,
Swift runs the stream, slow turns the mill,
 And happy hums the bee ;
The landscape all around is still,
As silent as our God's great will
 Of human destiny.

Many a stately row of trees
Greets the gently breathing breeze
 That, noiseless, glides along ;
The robin coming winter sees,
And sings to man his prophecies,
 And cheers him with his song.

Between the trees a brilliant beam,
Makes the distance smiling seem,
 And shines upon a lake ;

Or lights upon a winding stream,
Where birds rejoice within its gleam
 Where lights and shadows break.

God's landscapes all around are seen,
The hedge-rows show their varied green,
 And bright enamelled leaves ;
My heart feels glory's brilliant sheen,
Oh, God ! on such a day, I ween
 Sorrow scarcely grieves.

White shines the distant valley's towers,
A turret's chimes proclaim the hours
 Are moving on the day ;
The roadside cots are bright with flowers,
The air's refresh'd with fragrant showers,
 The zephyrs waft away.

How sweet is yonder shady nook,
How bright the gently rippling brook,
 Whose waters murmur on.
All nature's leaves are one great book,
Wherein her sons may safely look
 And meditate upon.

The poplar hugs its loving leaves,
The willow o'er the streamlet grieves,
 Or stands with frightened crown ;
The ivy round the stout oak weaves,
The varied elm the mead relieves,
 The firs point up and down.

The berried yew-trees grace the church ;
The stately cedar, cypress, birch,
 The larches graceful fall ;

The clustering apple trees that lurch,
The woods wherein the choirs perch ;
The peach against the wall.

Slow flies the downy butterfly,
A covey whirrs with swift wings by,
For dogs and guns are near ;
A farm-yard's busy scenes are nigh,
A milching cow stands near the sty,
A song falls on the ear.

And now a passing friendly jest,
Shows that the heart is well at rest,
And feels the beauties round ;
Oh, nature's influence is the best,
It fills the soul with holy zest,
Love greets it with a bound.

The ripen'd beans stand in the sun,
And mourn their spring day's blossom gone,
 In garb of sable hue ;
An ivied arch the light's upon,
Amid a ruin stands alone,
 Time's heartless hand to rue.

The tinkling bells of passing team,
The jetting clouds of rising steam
 Show trains upon their way ;
An angler plies within the stream,
The victims flash within the gleam,
 Against the sun's bright ray.

The meads with flocks are dotted o'er,
And homesteads snug with trees before
 Peep out upon the road ;

A bridge unites the sever'd shore,
Uniting, as some friends restore,
Hearts where wrath has flow'd.

And all around is shining bright,
Some trees against the wind are white,
The lanes run winding on ;
Sorrow from the heart takes flight,
All nature feels a soft delight,
And sings to God its song.

Oh, God ! thy works are all divine,
Suns, oceans, mountains, stars that shine,
The changing day and night ;
Such glories must the soul refine,
Thy soul be felt by man's and mine
On such a day of light.



FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET ME NOT ! for love I steal thee
From this lone yet smiling spot ;
To one I love, go thou reveal me,
Teach her to forget me not.

With smiling beauty she accepts thee,
Places thee upon her breast ;
Whisper, flower, if she but love me,
There would I for ever rest.

Oh win for me her heart, sweet flower,
Like thine own, without a blot ;
Oh plead for me until the hour,
She sighs, love forget me not.



THE APPARITION.

'Tis twelve at night, and I alone
Am sitting in my room,
I hear no sound above my breath,
All, all, is still, as still as death,
As silent as the sullen tomb :
Black night sits on her throne.

I am awake, wide, wide awake,
Not a single sense asleep,

I hear my breath, I feel my hand,
I clearly see, I firmly stand,
My blood begins to chill and creep
My startled soul to quake.

Whence comes that light, soft gliding nigh ?
The grate hath lost its fire ;
My lamp is out, each inmate sleeps,
No moonlight thro' the window creeps,
Or gilds the distant village spire,
No star is in the sky.

It is a saintly, brilliant light
In the corridor again ;
And soft as is the halo's shine
Around the head of God divine,
And all the holy angel train ;
It gains upon my sight.

On, on, it comes within the gloom,
 Shining upon my fear ;
Still, still, deep silence reigns around,
Oh ! I would give the world for sound
 To strike upon mine anxious ear,
For a child within my room.

Within its rays a form divine
 Floats on a brilliant sea
Of rolling light—an angel bright,
“ My love, my love, I die this night,
 My heart in life was pledged to thee,
In death my soul is thine.”

I try to speak, it waves its hand,
 My stifled voice arrests my breath,

Above my fear, in wild amaze,
Mine eyes are fixed with steady gaze;
 Watch this bright light of after death,
I like a statue stand.

It threw on me—how tenderly !
 A last fond look of love :
It crossed its hands upon its breast,
Where oft mine head did peaceful rest :
 Then pointing one to heaven above,
Passed to eternity.

I'd slept, and falling to the floor
 Truly I saw a light,
And heard a gentle, stealing tread,
Coming to lead me to my bed,
 To chide my wooing of the night ;
My love was at my door.



ODE TO CAUTION.

AWAKE, Britannia ! sleep no more,
Thy foes are on the wind,
Its breath might bear them to thy shore ;
To-morrow's sun might find
A hundred thousand bayonets shine ;
A hundred thousand foemen thine :
Thy children arm'd for all divine,
For country, home, and kind.

Ambition's rapid strides are near,
Its wheels are on the flood,
No timid cry, no female tear
Arrests its steps of blood,

It mounts the gory hill with pride ;
It bursts the peaceful portals wide ;
It floats upon a gory tide
That Hell pronounces good.

Shudd'ring Caution bids thee wake,
To arms ! to arms ! prepare,
Thy home, thy liberty's at stake,
And trouble's in the air.
She looks across a simple sea,
She bids thee wake to keep thee free,
The Isle and home of Liberty,
Her refuge in despair.

Guard well thy ports, restore thy towers,
With sentinel and gun,
And shew at home thy mighty powers,
And let thy signals run

Along the quick electric wire,
From port to port, like angel fire ;
Nor let thine eye of Caution tire ;
By foresight much is won.

The lion roused will win the fight,
And strong within its lair
Will oft' its hunter put to flight,
But falls within the snare.
Thine arms of strength are far from thee,
On distant lands, on distant sea ;
Draw thy strong sinews near to thee,
Then let thy foes beware !



F A M E :

A VISION.

ONCE in that sleep, when mind's awake,
A trumpet loud and shrill
The tenements of soul did shake,
It came from fame's proud hill ;
A mind had shone in brilliant light,
And fame its censors put to flight.

Her temple's height the toiling man
Had striven hard to gain ;
But he was blanched with age, and wan,
And stricken down with pain,

Before he won the mighty name
Proclaim'd to men by trump of fame.

He saw the niche she gave to him,
Shining in glory's light ;
He felt his brain a moment swim
With transport's wild delight ;
And then he mourn'd the name she gave,
Would only light him to the grave.

With plaintive voice he cried to man—
Behold my youthful dream !
Though I have won the race I ran,
I sink in Lethe's stream ;
My soul was lit with light of truth,
But you disdained it in my youth.

And though, in age, I prize the name,
What deeds I might have done.

If you had honor'd me with fame
In youth when it was won ;
My purpose, then, was bold and high,
But now I win, alas ! I die !

THE END.



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